

i don't remember him well at all.  
he was a nondescript sort of guy.  
i don't remember him as appearing  
dangerous, certainly not in comparison  
with the rest of the clientele.

i think i remember him being part of  
a couple of large and long-lasting games  
of liars' poker, but maybe i'm inventing  
that to insinuate myself closer to a celebrity.

i guess he killed mostly males between the ages  
of fourteen and twenty-five, a lot of them  
were marines, a lot of them were hitchhikers.  
he would drug them, then tie them up and have his  
cruel way with them. his victims tended  
to end up with a mouthful of their  
own sexual parts. i guess there are very  
few good ways to die, but there certainly  
must be better ways.

i was in my early thirties at the time  
and probably not his type.  
still, i'm glad i never had to  
bum a ride home with him.

THEY HAVE VERY TINY, NEARLY INVISIBLE BARF-BAGS

"did you know," she tells me, "that everytime  
a fly lands to feed, it vomits?"

"oh," i say, "and to think i was taking it  
as a criticism of my sherry."

#### A CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT

yesterday, after a committee meeting  
in the dean's office, i forgot my jacket  
and left it locked in there over the back  
of a chair. it would stay there overnight.

fortunately i hadn't left anything in the  
inner or outer pockets of the jacket except  
my reading glasses, a flap of di-gel, and  
a clump of long-expired booger-rags.

still i stayed up late last night getting  
drunk and making a list of all the things  
i thanked god i hadn't left in the pockets  
of that jacket, for instance:



a pony of muscatel  
a bowie knife  
nude photos of my spring classes  
a lengthy juvenalian and scatological  
satire on certain vaguely  
disguised university administrators ...

i'll leave you the pleasure  
of adding to the list.

"GERRY," ROLAND PLEADS WITH ME, "PLEASE FORGET  
YOUR IMAGE AND REMEMBER YOUR JOB!"

by the final hour of the faculty bash  
i am announcing loudly enough to  
be heard throughout the adjoining rooms,

"i might even have married one of those  
geisha-girl stewardesses on japan airlines  
and brought her back with me, except  
that the first thing she would have done  
upon entering the country would probably  
have been to sign up for a degree

in women's studies."

I'LL LEAVE THE HEROINE ANONYMOUS

when sending in my travel receipts, i write,

"i've been meaning to nominate myself for  
promotion to table leader, although in all  
honesty the only leadership quality i  
have ever displayed is that of leading  
my table directly to the hotel bar."

two weeks later i receive an invitation  
to participate in the next essay-scoring session  
as a table leader.

MUSICAL COMEDY

i ran into a guy in a bar  
who thought rogers and hammerstein were  
competitors of smith and wesson.  
he also thought lerner and loewe had  
murdered little boys in chicago.